

## HE NEED REGRET NOTHING

when my father was informed  
upon returning in his late thirties  
from world war 2  
that the hundred pounds he'd lost  
was the result of diabetes,

he shot himself with insulin every day  
and he watched his diet  
and he took his urine tests  
and he went to work every day  
while doing his best  
to tread the tightrope between  
coma and insulin shock,

and he put up with my mother  
and he attended all my athletic events  
and every night he sipped imperial blend  
with water back.  
he said it was only beer and wine  
that he wasn't supposed to drink,

but his sister, my aunt bea, once told me,  
"i used to say to your father,  
'ivan, the doctor said you could  
drink a little!'"

still he never got really drunk  
nor even really hungover  
although i suppose the hiram walker  
helped to usher in  
some of the episodes when he would have  
to be hospitalized.

he died early, aged about fifty, of a heart attack,  
just after i finished high school.  
he was a very good father to me.  
i suppose he could have lived longer  
without the evening whiskey  
but as it is he died quickly and cleanly —  
he died before he could lose  
his eyesight, his arms, his legs,  
or his son.

## IN MEMORIAM

the few last living men in america  
are in mourning for edward abbey.  
the few last living women in america  
are in mourning for him also.